

CRIME

**THE LAW
ALWAYS WINS!**

SMASHERS

JAN. No. 14
10¢

THIS IS
THE MAN YOU
WANT, OFFICER,
GET HIM--
QUICK!

**OH YEAH? THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK, BABY! WHATEVER
HAPPENS, YOU'RE GOING ALONG
WITH ME!**



**THRILLS!
ACTION!
CHILLS!**

featuring:

**SALLY THE SLEUTH
DAN TURNER
GIRL FRIDAY
RAY HALE**

CRIME CAN'T PAY — IN ANY WAY!



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

DAN TURNER —

The Case of
"THE SLAIN GORILLA"

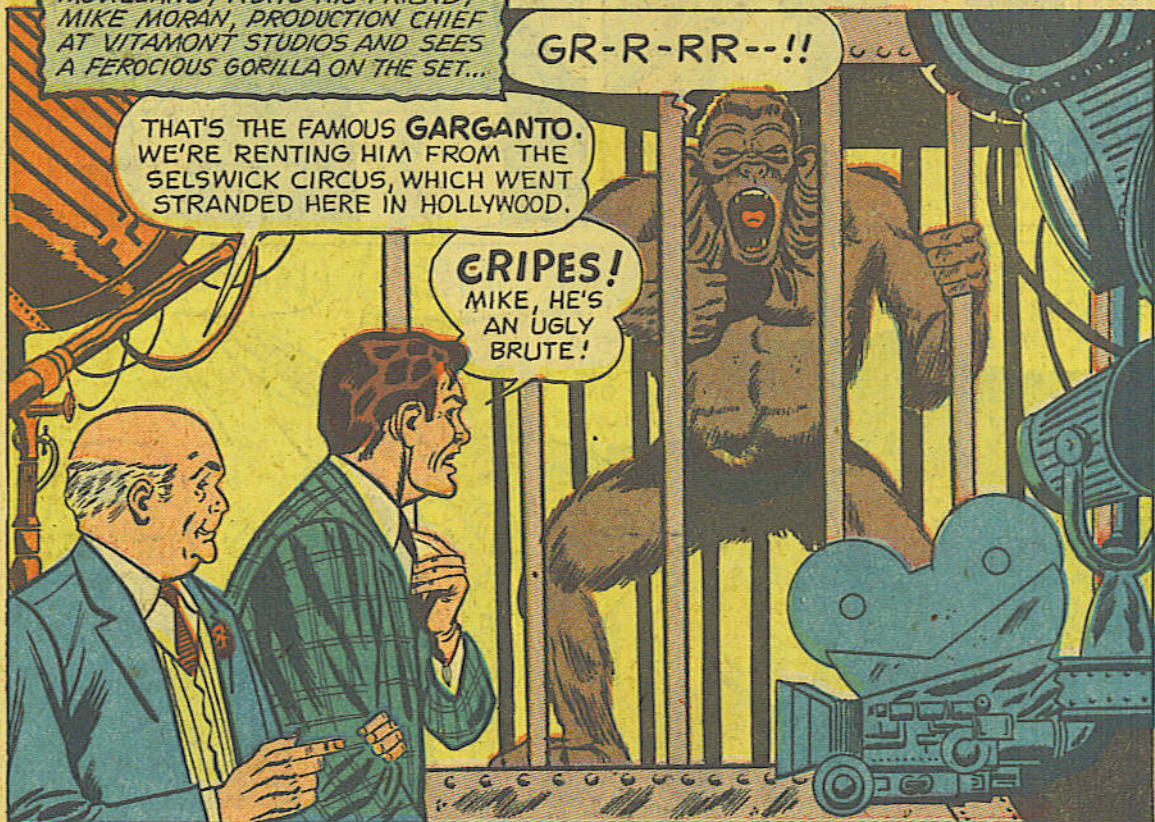
HOLLYWOOD DETECTIVE

TURNER, FAMED SLEUTH OF
MOVIELAND, VISITS HIS FRIEND,
MIKE MORAN, PRODUCTION CHIEF
AT VITAMONT STUDIOS AND SEES
A FEROCIOUS GORILLA ON THE SET...

GR-R-RR--!!

THAT'S THE FAMOUS **GARGANTO**.
WE'RE RENTING HIM FROM THE
SELSWICK CIRCUS, WHICH WENT
STRANDED HERE IN HOLLYWOOD.

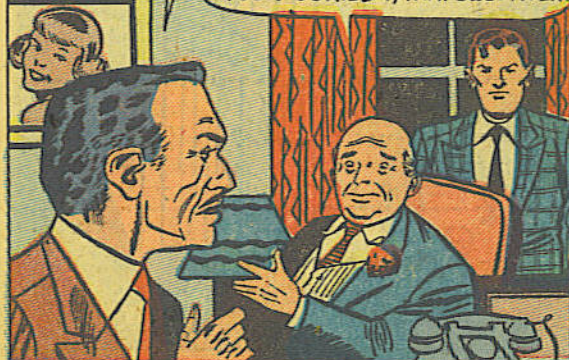
GRIPES!
MIKE, HE'S
AN UGLY
BRUTE!



**IN THE STUDIO BUSINESS OFFICE, TURNER
WITNESSES THE SIGNING OF THE PAPERS...**

OKAY. GARGANTO IS YOURS FOR A WEEK. HE'S
THE ONLY ASSET I HAVE LEFT. HE'S INSURED
FOR \$50,000.

WE'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF
YOUR GORILLA, MR. SELSWICK.

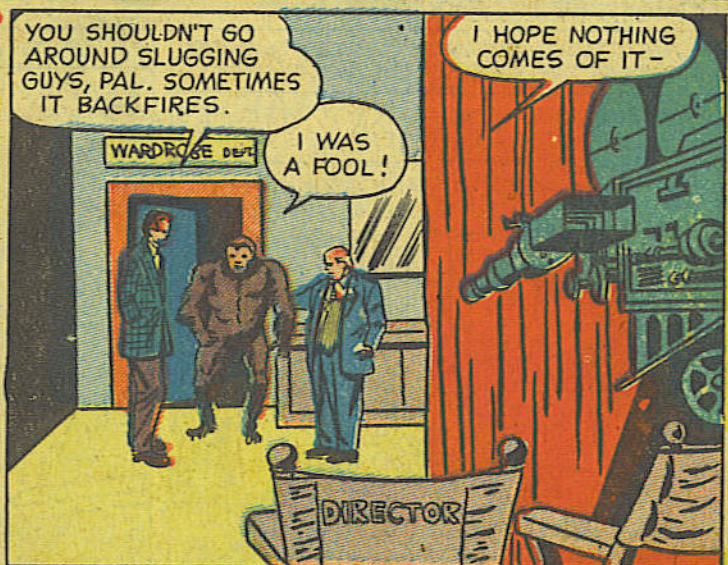


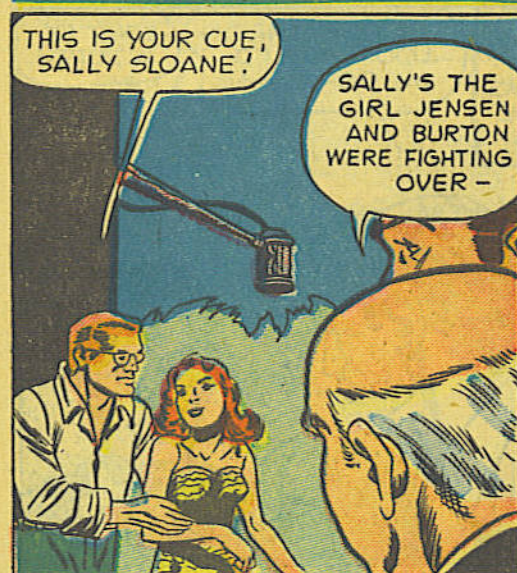
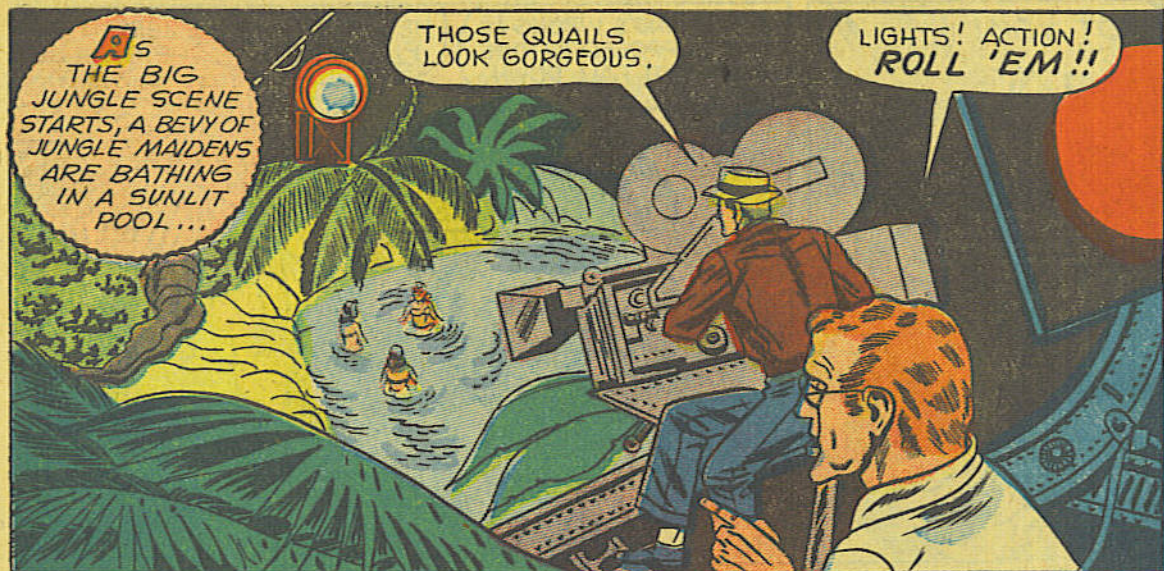
AFTER THE BANKRUPT CIRCUS OWNER LEAVES...

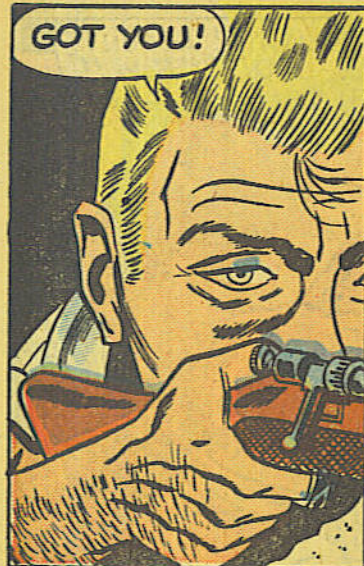
WHY DID YOU RENT
THE BIG APE, MIKE?

HE'LL BE GREAT FOR
PUBLICITY ON MY NEW
JUNGLE OPUS.

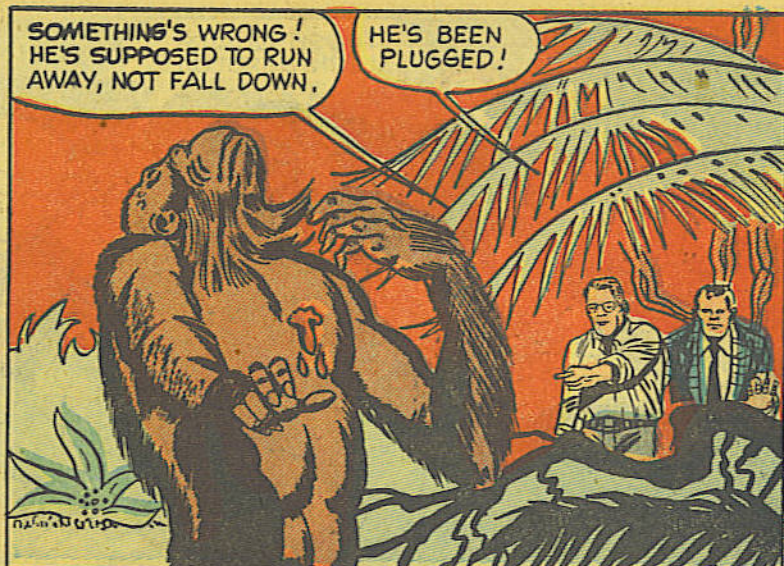








GOT YOU!



SOMETHING'S WRONG!
HE'S SUPPOSED TO RUN
AWAY, NOT FALL DOWN.

HE'S BEEN
PLUGGED!



DEADER
THAN
CANCELLED
POSTAGE!

BUT MY GUN WAS
LOADED WITH BLANKS!

JED SELSWICK,
THE CIRCUS
OWNER, WALKS
UP FROM THE
SIDELINES...

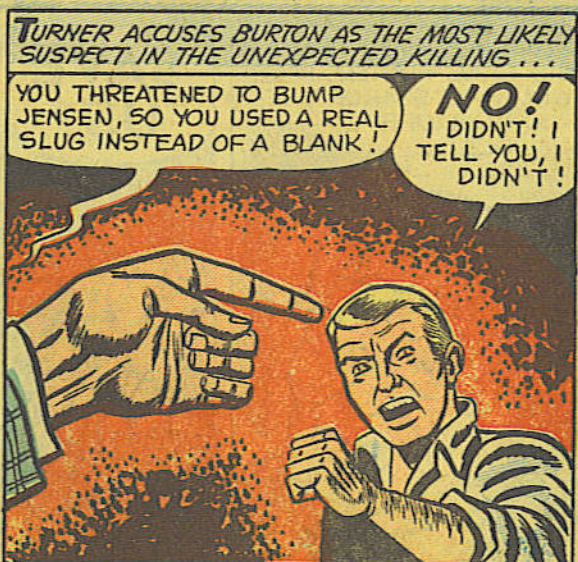
THAT-THAT DIRTY
LOUSE KILLED
MY GORILLA!

DON'T BE
A DOPE!



THE REAL GARGANTO IS SAFE IN HIS CAGE.
THIS BOZO IS A CHARACTER ACTOR NAMED
JENSEN, WHO WAS
PLAYING THE PART.

OH-H-H!



**TURNER ACCUSES BURTON AS THE MOST LIKELY
SUSPECT IN THE UNEXPECTED KILLING...**

YOU THREATENED TO BUMP
JENSEN, SO YOU USED A REAL
SLUG INSTEAD OF A BLANK!

NO!
I DIDN'T! I
TELL YOU, I
DIDN'T!

THE ACTOR PULLS A FAST ONE...

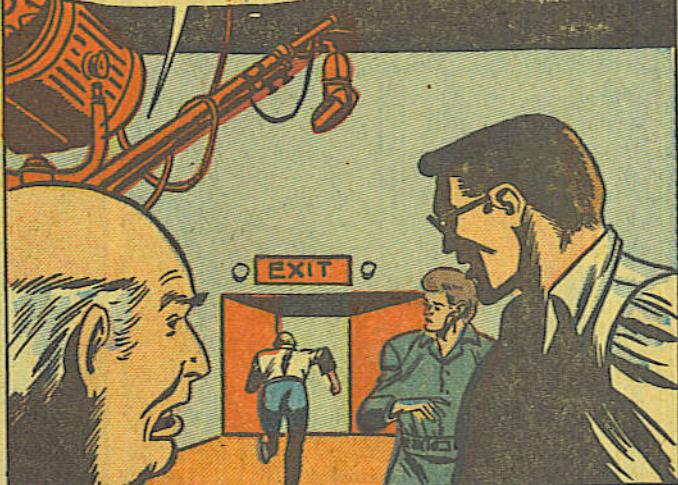
YOU CAN'T
ARREST ME!

UGH-H!

CRACK!



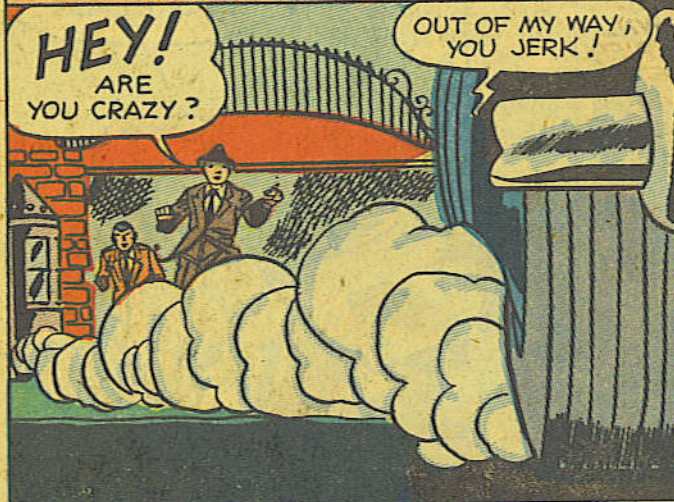
HE'S GETTING AWAY!
CALL THE COPS!



BURTON JUMPS INTO HIS CAR AND STEPS ON THE
GAS. HE SPEEDS DESPERATELY FROM THE STUDIO...

HEY!
ARE
YOU CRAZY?

OUT OF MY WAY,
YOU JERK!



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, DAVE
DONALDSON OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD
GETS A PHONE CALL...

JENSEN CREAMED
AND TURNER
CONKED? I'LL BE
RIGHT THERE.



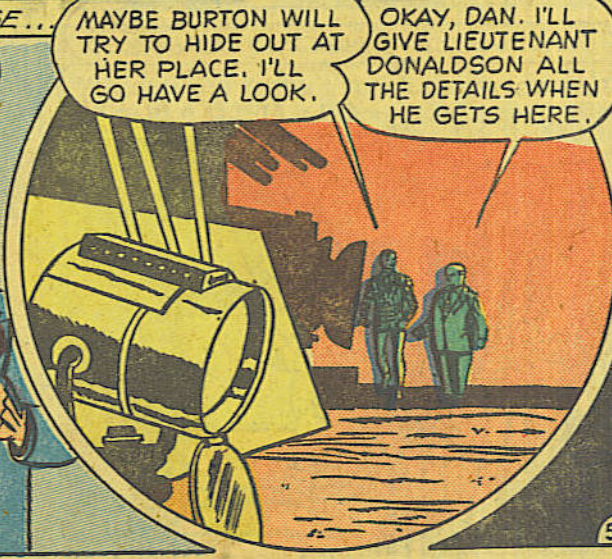
MEANWHILE, BACK ON THE SOUND STAGE...

HE REALLY MACED
ME. WHERE'S THAT
SALLY SLOANE
CUPCAKE?

WHY-WHY-SHE'S
DISAPPEARED!

MAYBE BURTON WILL
TRY TO HIDE OUT AT
HER PLACE. I'LL
GO HAVE A LOOK.

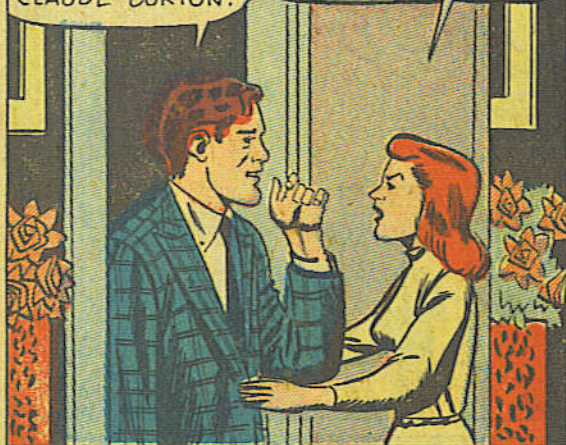
OKAY, DAN. I'LL
GIVE LIEUTENANT
DONALDSON ALL
THE DETAILS WHEN
HE GETS HERE.



TURNER HURRIES TO SALLY'S APARTMENT...

HELLO, BEAUTIFUL. I'M LOOKING FOR CLAUDE BURTON.

GET OUT OF MY FLAT, SNOOP! HE'S NOT HERE.



DAN QUICKLY THINKS OF A TRICK...

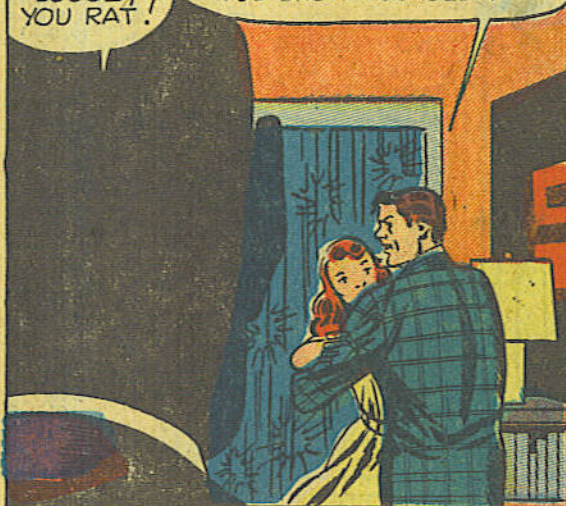
THAT'S FINE, KIDDO. HOW ABOUT A LITTLE KISS?

HELP!



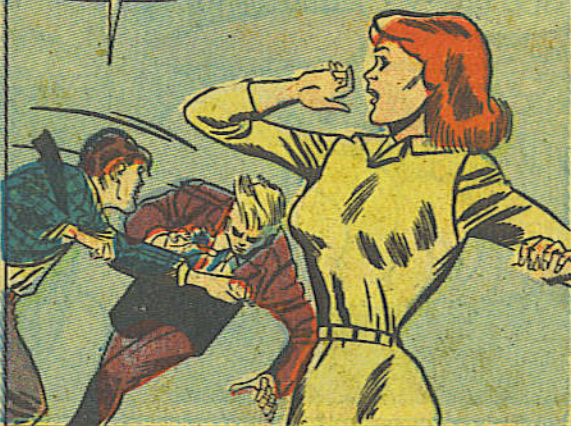
TURN HER LOOSE, YOU RAT!

I THOUGHT THAT WOULD MAKE YOU SHOW YOURSELF!



THIS IS FOR MASSAGING ME WITH YOUR RIFLE.

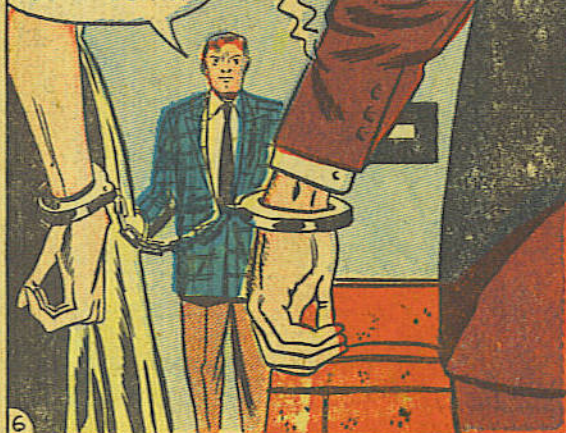
YOU BEAST!



TURNER HANDCUFFS BURTON TO THE GIRL...

THIS WILL HOLD YOU UNTIL THE COPS COME.

BUT I INSIST I'M INNOCENT. I ONLY FIRED A BLANK!



WHY DON'T YOU INVESTIGATE MIKE MORAN, THE PRODUCER? I KNOW HE HATED JOE JENSEN.

SURE - JENSEN JILTED MORAN'S DAUGHTER YEARS AGO AND HE'S STILL BITTER ABOUT IT.



YOU'RE NOT
RIBBING ME,
ARE YOU?

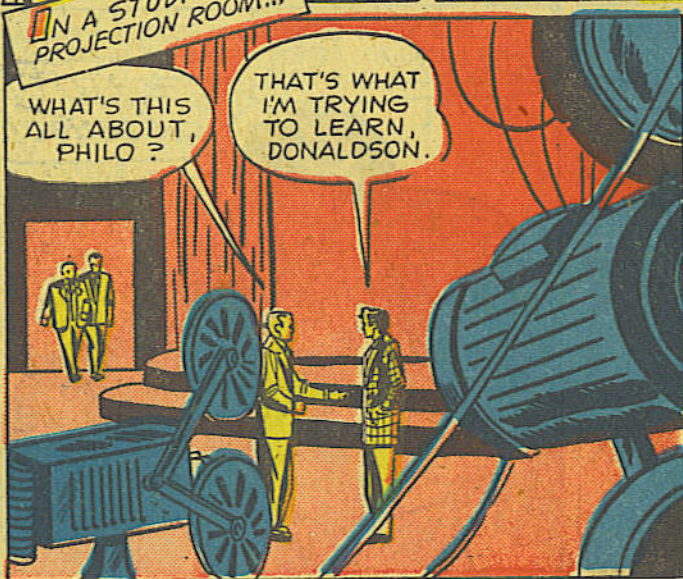
I'M LEVELING,
SHERLOCK.



IN A STUDIO
PROJECTION ROOM...

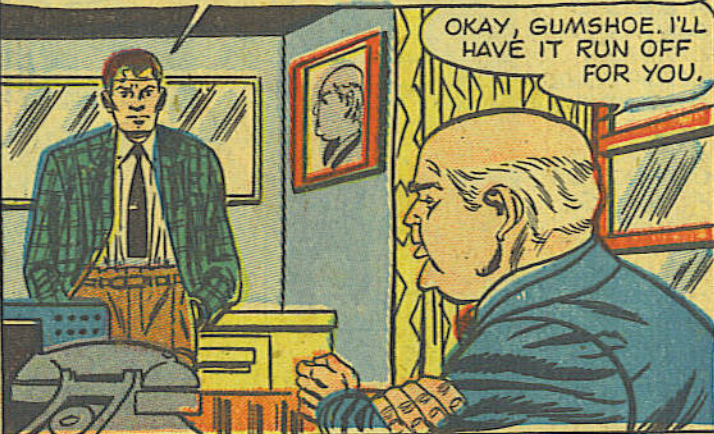
WHAT'S THIS
ALL ABOUT,
PHILO?

THAT'S WHAT
I'M TRYING
TO LEARN,
DONALDSON.



TURNER THEN RETURNS TO THE VITAMONT LOT AND
MAKES A REQUEST OF PRODUCER MIKE MORAN...

I WANT TO SEE A RUSH PROJECTION OF THE SCENE
WHERE JENSEN WAS BUMPED, INCLUDING THE SOUND TRACK.



OKAY, GUMSHOE. I'LL
HAVE IT RUN OFF
FOR YOU.

OKAY - HERE IT IS -



HEAR THAT?
SOUNDED LIKE
AN ECHO.

NO, DAVE - THAT WAS
A SECOND SHOT!



AS THE FILM PROVES THAT THE MURDER SLUG CAME FROM A SECOND GUN INSTEAD OF FROM ACTOR CLAUDE BURTON'S RIFLE, THERE IS A SUDDEN COMMOTION AS A HUGE FIGURE APPEARS OMINOUSLY AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE PROJECTION ROOM....!!

IT'S GARGANTO, THE REAL GORILLA! HE GOT OUT OF HIS CAGE!

BLAZES!

SELSWICK, THE CIRCUS OWNER, DRAWS A SHORT BARRELED BUT DEADLY RIFLE FROM HIS COAT...

STAND BACK, EVERYBODY! I'LL KILL HIM. IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE OUR LIVES!



I FIGURED YOU'D SHOW YOUR SECRET WEAPON WHEN I HAD AN ACTOR ANKLE IN, WEARING THE GORILLA COSTUME.

YOU TRAPPED ME! CURSE YOU!



YOU BUMPED JENSEN ON THE SOUND STAGE, THINKING HE WAS GARGANTO. YOU TRIED TO KILL THE APE IN ORDER TO COLLECT THE FIFTY GRAND INSURANCE.

I CONFESS!



TURNER RETURNS TO SALLY SLOANE'S APARTMENT.

SORRY YOU TWO WERE LINKED TOGETHER SUCH A LONG TIME, KIDS. EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT NOW.

WE DIDN'T MIND IT A BIT.



THE END. 8

SALLY THE SLEUTH

WHAT IS THIS
CATLIKE TERROR
THAT PROWLs THE
NIGHT?...

BERNIE BLAKE
IS A COMMERCIAL
ARTIST, RICH AND
SUCCESSFUL-HIS
COVER PAINTINGS
OF BEAUTIFUL
GIRLS GRACE THE
BEST MAGAZINES,
AND HE HAS FAME
AND POPULARITY.
YET, INSTEAD OF
HAPPINESS, HIS
REWARD IS FEAR!
HE IS HAUNTED
BY THE HORROR
OF THE
**PROWLING
CAT!**



**ONE MORNING, THE
ARTIST DESPERATELY
CALLS A LOCAL PRI-
VATE EYE FOR HELP...**

CAN YOU COME RIGHT
OVER, CHIEF? YOU'VE
GOT TO HELP ME! I
CAN'T WORK - CAN'T
DO ANYTHING. QUEER
HAPPENINGS GOING ON
EVERY NIGHT --!!



**THE CHIEF AND HIS
ABLE ASSISTANT GET
THE CALL AT THEIR
DOWNTOWN OFFICE...**

YES, MR. BLAKE, WE'LL
LOOK INTO IT, SALLY
AND I WILL BE OVER
IN AN HOUR -



**L
A
T
E
R**

GOOD MORNING,
MR. BLAKE.

WELL, I'M CERTAINLY
GLAD YOU GOT HERE!
I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE
TO PAINT A STROKE
ALL MORNING!



LET ME INTRODUCE MY MODEL, **PEGGY PEYTON**. PEGGY, THIS IS THE DETECTIVE I CALLED UP, AND HIS HELPER.

HOW DO YOU DO?

HELLO. I GUESS I'LL RUN ALONG, DARL - I MEAN, ER, MR. BLAKE.



AFTER THE MODEL LEAVES...

BEAUTIFUL GIRL, THAT MISS PEYTON -

YES, SHE'S LOVELY. SHE'S STAYING HERE WITH US UNTIL I FINISH MY NEW PAINTING.



THAT'S CONVENIENT. BUT DOESN'T YOUR WIFE OBJECT?

LORNA? SHUCKS, NO. SHE'S NOT AT ALL THE JEALOUS TYPE.



WHY DID YOU SEND FOR ME? WHY ARE YOUR HANDS SHAKING SO?

IT'S TERRIBLE! I'M AFRAID THAT I'M GOING NUTS!



SPILL THE STORY. I'M A SOMNAMBULIST I WALK IN MY SLEEP! I DO CRAZY THINGS!



2

CRAZY THINGS LIKE WHAT?

LIKE MY FINDING SKETCHES IN THE MORNING THAT I DREW WHILE I WAS SLEEPING THE NIGHT BEFORE.



AND THOUGH I CAN'T REMEMBER DRAWING THEM, EACH PICTURE SHOWS ME A MURDER VICTIM.

OH, COME NOW--



EACH NIGHT'S SLEEP-WALKING PICTURE BRINGS ME CLOSER TO DEATH AT THE HANDS OF A CAT-FACED WOMAN!

I SEE -

IT MUST GIVE YOU THE HORRORS!

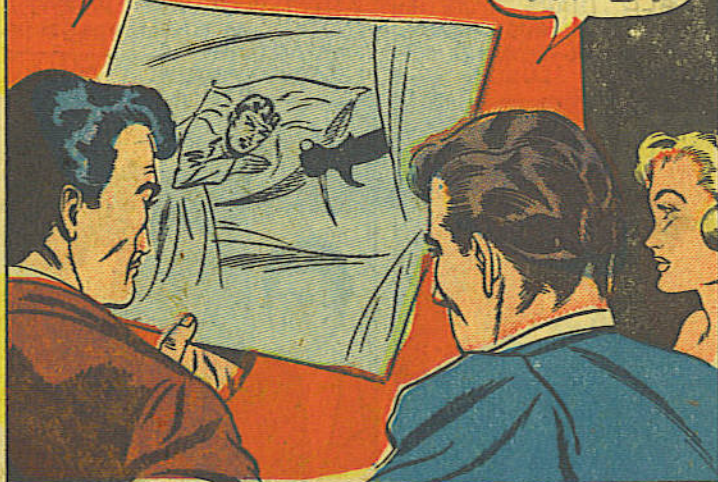


YOU'LL HAVE WORSE THAN THE HORRORS WHEN YOU SEE THESE SKETCHES!



THAT'S ME ASLEEP IN BED. NOTICE THE FEMALE ARM COMING FROM BEHIND THE DRAPE - AND SEE THAT IT'S HAND IS HOLDING A DAGGER!

YIPE!



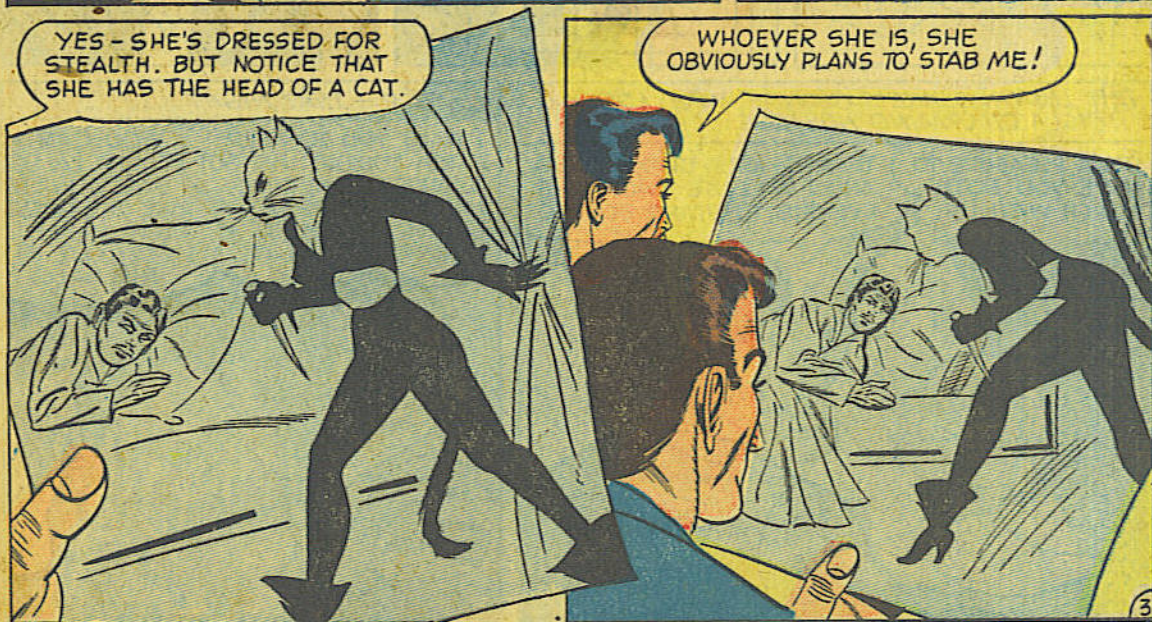
HERE, NOW, THE MURDERESS BEGINS TO SHOW HERSELF.

THAT'S THE NEXT PICTURE, EH?



YES - SHE'S DRESSED FOR STEALTH. BUT NOTICE THAT SHE HAS THE HEAD OF A CAT.

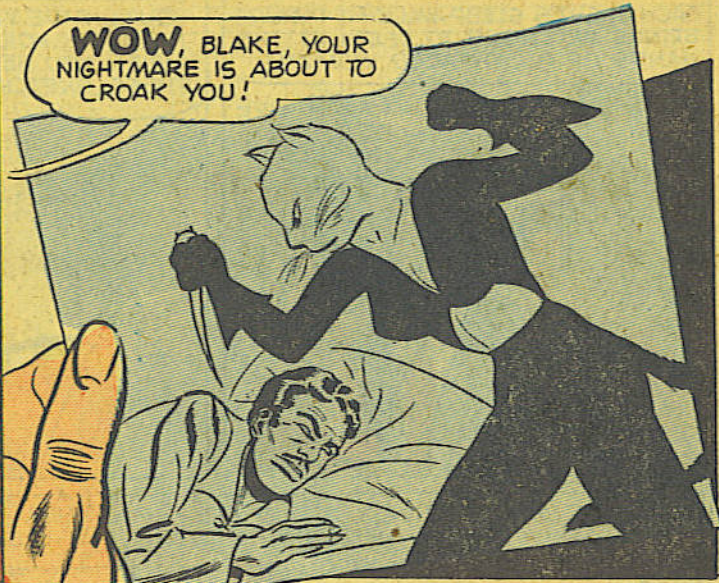
WHOEVER SHE IS, SHE OBVIOUSLY PLANS TO STAB ME!



HERE'S LAST NIGHT'S DRAWING. HER KNIFE IS ABOUT TO PLUNGE INTO MY HEART!



WOW, BLAKE, YOUR NIGHTMARE IS ABOUT TO CROAK YOU!



THAT'S WHAT I'M SCARED OF-AND I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO SHE IS.

SSH! HOLD EVERYTHING! I THINK I HEAR AN EAVESDROPPER.



GETTING AN EARFUL, MISTER?

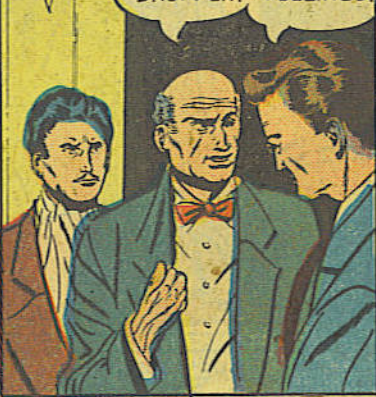
THAT'S A LIE! I WAS JUST COMING IN TO ANNOUNCE LUNCH.



WHY, IT'S ONLY MY WIFE'S COUSIN, JIM TUTTLE. I'M GIVING HIM ART LESSONS.

SURE. I'M NO EAVES-DROPPER.

OKAY, BUD, NO HARD FEELINGS.



AT LUNCH, BLAKE'S BLONDE WIFE, LORNA, IS A CHARMING HOSTESS...

IT'S A PLEASURE TO HAVE YOU BOTH.

THANKS, MRS. BLAKE, SALLY AND I WILL BE BACK THIS EVENING TO STAND GUARD.



LATER - THAT NIGHT...

I WANT YOU TO KEEP WATCH TONIGHT. I'VE GOT A HUNCH SOMETHING BAD MAY HAPPEN - UNLESS YOU'RE ON HAND TO PREVENT IT.

YOU CAN COUNT ON US. SALLY WILL TAKE THE GUEST ROOM WHILE I STAY OUT IN THE HALL.



PEGGY PEYTON APPEARS...

WON'T YOU GENTLEMEN HAVE A NIGHTCAP? I'VE FIXED SOME HIGHBALLS FOR YOU.

THANKS, TOOTS.



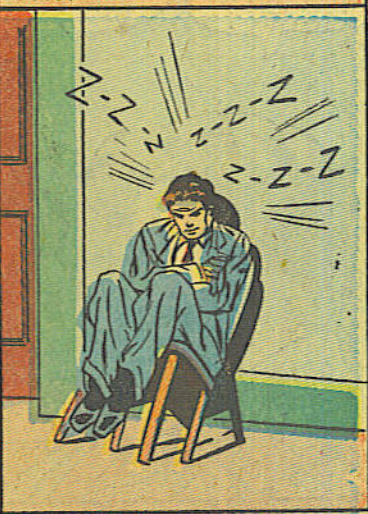
GOOD NIGHT, EVERYBODY.

GOOD NIGHT.

WELL, I GUESS I'LL TURN IN-AND HOPE FOR THE BEST.



BUT LATER, THE CHIEF DROWSES IN HIS VIGIL...



SOUNDS COME FROM MRS. BLAKE'S ROOM...

EE-EKK!
ARR-RGG!

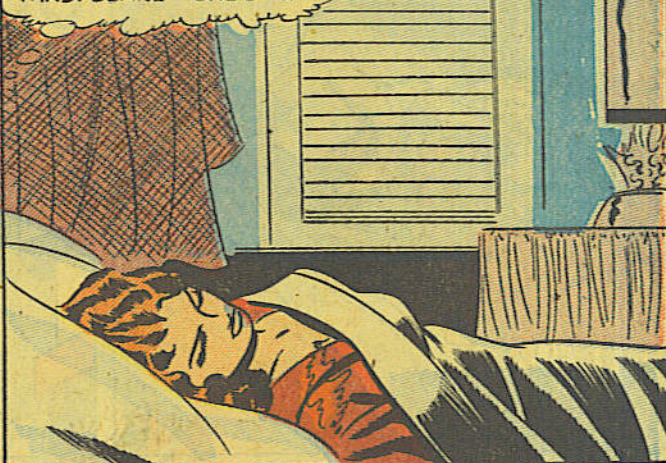
WHAT THE DEVIL-?



THE CHIEF RUSHES IN AND FINDS...!!

JUMPING JEEPERS!

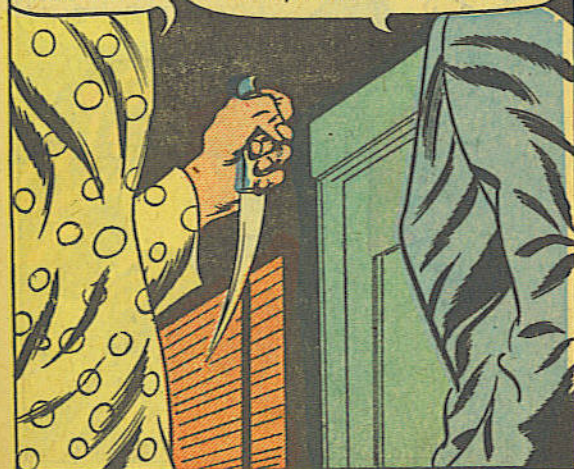
MRS. BLAKE - SHE'S - !!



THE ARTIST COMES IN FROM THE NEXT ROOM...

WHAT HAPPENED?

YOUR WIFE IS STABBED TO DEATH, BLAKE. YOU DID IT!



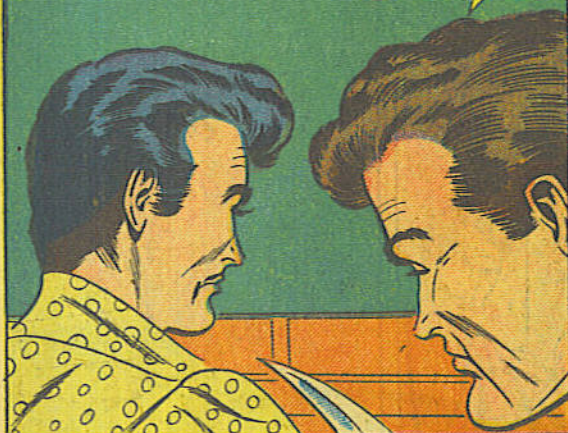
MAYBE YOU WERE HAVING A NIGHTMARE AND SHE CAME THROUGH THE CONNECTING DOOR TO QUIET YOU. YOU THOUGHT SHE WAS THE CAT-FACED DAME OF YOUR DREAMS, SO YOU CHASED HER BACK IN HERE AND KNIFED HER.

NO! NO!



BUT WHERE DID I GET THIS DAGGER?

THAT **IS** A PUZZLER, AND I'D ALSO LIKE TO KNOW WHY I FELL ASLEEP OUT IN THE HALL...



SALLY AND JIM TUTTLE ARRIVE ...

... SO THAT'S WHAT I FOUND. TUTTLE, YOU GO PHONE THE COPS. SALLY, ROUSE MISS PEYTON.

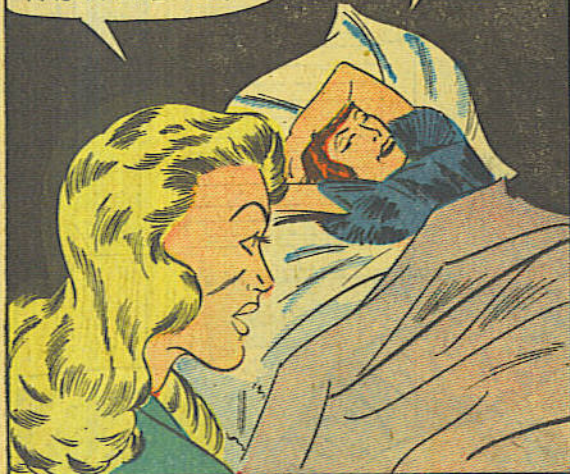
OKAY. I'LL CALL THEM.

RIGHT AWAY, CHIEF.



WAKE UP, PEGGY. SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED!

WHA - WHAT - - ?



PEGGY TAKES ONE LOOK AND FAINTS ...

OOO-OH-H!

I'LL TAKE HER BACK TO HER ROOM. COME ALONG, SALLY.



SALLY GETS SOME SMELLING SALTS AND REVIVES THE MODEL ...

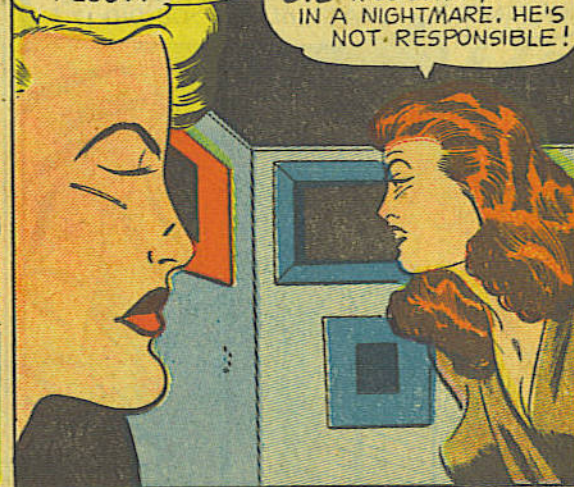
THERE, NOW - FEEL BETTER?

OH! MY HEAD IS REELING. WHAT AN AWFUL SHOCK!



MURDER IS NEVER A PLEASANT MATTER, PEGGY.

BUT YOU CAN'T ARREST BERNIE! EVEN IF HE **DID** KILL LORNA, IT WAS IN A NIGHTMARE. HE'S NOT RESPONSIBLE!



CORRECT. THEY'D NEVER SEND HIM TO THE CHAIR FOR INVOLUNTARY HOMICIDE, BUT YOU CAN HELP HIS CASE - HELP HIM BEAT THE RAP.

ME? - HOW?

DRAW ME A SKETCH OF THE HOUSE SHOWING JIM TUTTLE'S ROOM IN RELATION TO LORNA'S.

YOU THINK JIM MAY BE GUILTY? ALL RIGHT, I'LL SKETCH THE LAYOUT.



THERE'S THE COMPLETE PICTURE.

YES, PEGGY - THE PICTURE THAT PROVES YOU ARE **THE MURDERESS!!**



THIS PROVES YOU CAN DRAW AS WELL AS BERNIE BLAKE - AND IN HIS STYLE, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO PLANTED THE NIGHTMARE SKETCHES ON HIM AND MADE HIM THINK HE WAS GOING NUTS!

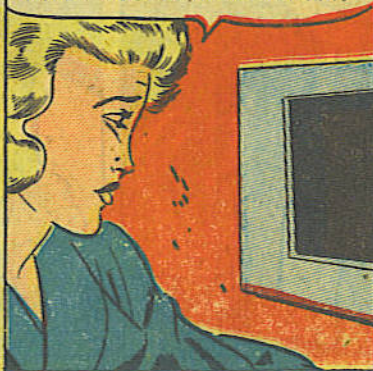
WHAT? YOU-YOU-!



YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH HIM - ONCE, I HEARD YOU START TO CALL HIM "DARLING". THAT'S YOUR MURDER MOTIVE - TO GET RID OF HIS WIFE SO YOU COULD MARRY HIM YOURSELF!



YOU FIGURED THE PHONEY SKETCHES WOULD ONLY FRAME HIM FOR TEMPORARY INSANITY AND HE'D BE ACQUITTED. AND EARLIER TONIGHT YOU DOPED THE HIGHBALLS SO THE CHIEF AND BERNIE WOULD BE ASLEEP WHILE YOU BEEFED LORNA!



SHE YELLED, THEN DIED. YOU SLIPPED INTO BERNIE'S ROOM, SHOVED THE KNIFE IN BERNIE'S FIST AND THEN BEAT IT BACK TO YOUR OWN ROOM. **BUT** - YOU ACCIDENTALLY GOT A SPOT OF LORNA'S BLOOD ON YOUR ROBE - **THERE!**



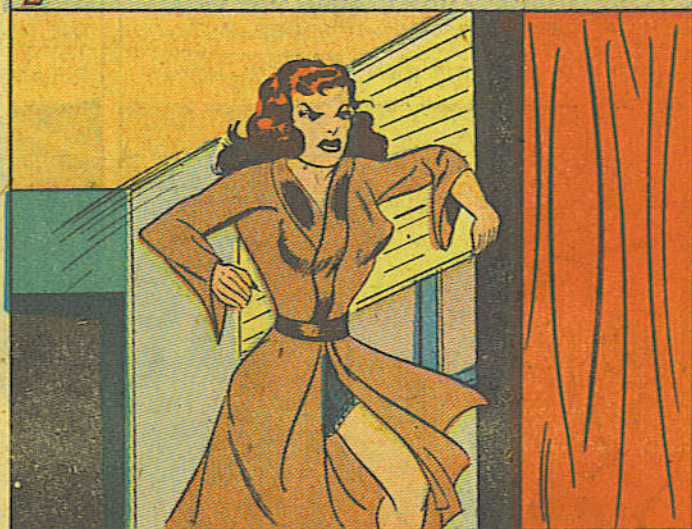
OH!

LATER, YOU PRETENDED TO FAINT BY THE CORPSE - TO ACCOUNT FOR THE BLOODSTAIN - BUT I HAD ALREADY NOTICED IT WHEN I ROUSED YOU.

LET ME GO!



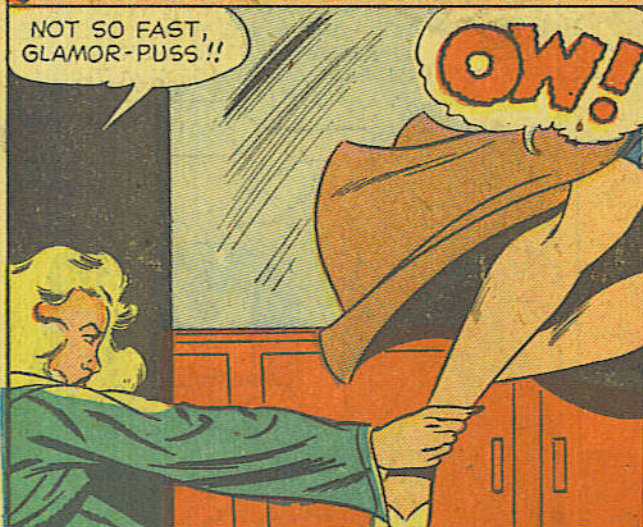
PEGGY BREAKS LOOSE AND FLEES...



SALLY BRINGS HER DOWN WITH A FLYING TACKLE...

NOT SO FAST, GLAMOR-PUSS!!

OW!



YOU MADE ANOTHER BAD MISTAKE, TOO. YOU PLANTED THE KNIFE IN BERNIE'S LEFT FIST - BUT HE'S A RIGHT-HANDED PAINTER. HERE'S THE KILLER, CHIEF.



GOOD WORK, SALLY. YOUR DEDUCTIONS WERE ALL CORRECT. THE COPS ARE ON THEIR WAY HERE NOW.

I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE PEGGY KILLED MY WIFE.



BUT SHE DID, BLAKE. IT'S AMAZING THE THINGS SOME PEOPLE DO TO ACHIEVE THEIR ENDS -

HER NEXT MODELING WILL BE WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED MURDERESS WILL WEAR IN THE DEATH HOUSE.



The BEST AUTOMOBILE STICKER OF 1952

Show them
the Way ...
this week



RELIGION
IN
AMERICAN
LIFE

EVERY FAMILY IN AMERICA
SHOULD DISPLAY THIS
IMPORTANT MESSAGE

HERE IS HOW YOU
CAN GET A REAL
STICKER FOR YOUR
FAMILY CAR...

WRITE TO:

RELIGION IN
AMERICAN LIFE

289 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 10, NEW YORK

SEND TEN CENTS TO COVER
HANDLING CHARGES...



PREPARED IN COOPERATION WITH RELIGION IN
AMERICAN LIFE AND THE ADVERTISING COUNCIL
BY THE ASSOCIATION OF COMICS MAGAZINE
PUBLISHERS...

GIRL FRIDAY

VARIED ARE THE VICIOUS RACKETS IN WHICH SMALL SHOPKEEPERS IN MANY OF OUR CITIES ARE UNWILLING VICTIMS. NO DEPTH IS UNPLUMBED BY SORDID CRIMINALS IN THEIR GREED FOR A FAST-AND-CROOKED BUCK. [2] TYPICAL CASE INVOLVES OLD SAM KARSH WHO, WITH HIS WIFE, HAS WORKED A LIFETIME TO MAKE A MODEST AND HONEST LIVING IN THEIR LITTLE CANDY-AND-STATIONERY STORE...

ONE DAY, A SHIFTY-EYED, OILY CHARACTER DROPS INTO SAM'S STORE WHEN HE IS ALONE...

HELLO-NICE LITTLE STORE YOU GOT HERE, MUST HAVE GOOD TRADE, YOU CARRY ANY PUNCHBOARDS? YOU KNOW-THE LITTLE GADGETS WHERE YOUR CUSTOMERS CAN HAVE A LITTLE FUN AND WIN SOME CASH PRIZES TOO.

NO-I DON'T BELIEVE IN GAMBLING AND I WOULDN'T HAVE ONE OF THOSE THINGS IN MY STORE!



NOT SO FAST, MISTER, JUST TAKE A LOOK AT THIS-A SAMPLE OF MY "PRETTY POSY" PUNCH-BOARD GAME, ONLY 25¢ A CHANCE AND SOME LUCKY CUSTOMER GETS \$5. IN CASH, YOU'LL GET A BIG PLAY ON THESE AND YOU'LL MAKE A GOOD PROFIT FOR YOURSELF.

AGAIN, I TELL YOU **NO!** GET OUT!



NEXT DAY, THE MAN IS BACK...

BEAT IT! I TOLD YOU TO STAY OUT OF HERE!

LISSSEN, KARSH, YOU'RE GOING TO PLAY BALL WITH ME OR ELSE-! UNLESS YOU WANT TO WIND UP ON A STRETCHER.



LATER, KARSH GETS A NOTE...

OH, SAM-IT SAYS YOU'LL BE KILLED IF YOU DON'T TAKE THOSE GAMBLING BOARDS! I'M SCARED, SAM. I DON'T WANT YOU TO GET HURT!

ALL RIGHT. I DON'T WANT YOU TO WORRY. I'LL TELL THE MAN I'LL TAKE THEM.



THE MAN RETURNS AGAIN...

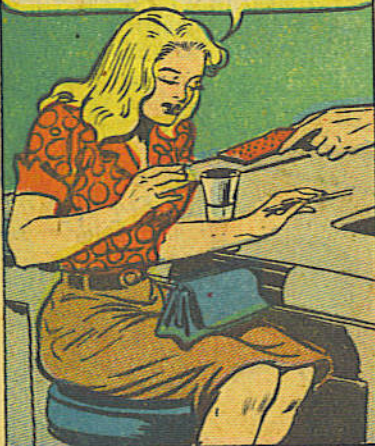
I CHANGED MY MIND. I'LL TAKE THEM.

NOW YOU'RE SMART. SEE-YOU CHARGE THE SUCKERS 25¢ A PUNCH AND THE LUCKY ONE WINS FIVE BUCKS. YOU AND I SPLIT THE TAKE FIFTY-FIFTY



IN THE FOLLOWING DAYS ...

I DON'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY LUCK WITH THESE THINGS!



I'M DISGUSTED! I NEVER GET A WINNER ON YOUR BOARDS, KARSH.

I CAN'T HELP THAT, MR. JOHNSON.



THEY STILL DON'T PAY OFF ...

NOTHING BUT BLANKS! I THINK THESE BOARDS ARE CROOKED, BUT- BUT- KARSH!



AFTER A WEEK HAS PASSED ...

YOU'RE THE ONE I WANT TO SEE! THOSE BOARDS ARE NOT FAIR!

TAKE IT EASY, KARSH. SURE, THEY'RE RIGGED FOR NO PAYOFF. THAT GIVES US A LOT MORE PROFIT AND THE SUCKERS WON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE.

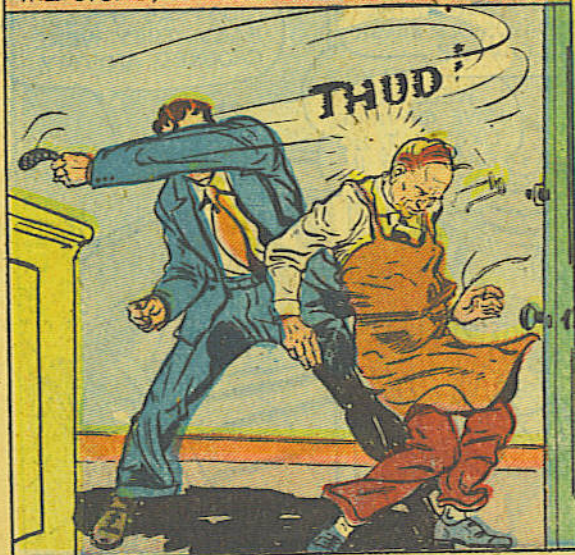


YOU-YOU CROOK! TAKE YOUR STUFF AND GET OUT OF HERE. I'M GOING TO TELL THE COPS ABOUT YOU!

WISE GUY, EH? WELL, YOU AIN'T WISIN' UP NO COPS, SEE? I AIN'T FINISHED WITH YOU!



THAT NIGHT, AS KARSH IS ABOUT TO CLOSE THE STORE, A FIGURE SLINKS IN, AND ...



WHEN THE BODY IS FOUND, INSPECTOR MADSON AND MCQUADE, HIS ASSISTANT, REACH THE SPOT ...

SKULL BASHED IN. THE OLD MAN DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE. PROBABLY A ROBBER WHO SAW HIM CLOSING UP.

I DON'T THINK SO, BOSS. THE MONEY IS STILL IN THE CASH REGISTER. GOT TO BE SOME OTHER MOTIVE.



HERE'S A "PRETTY POSY" PUNCHBOARD ON THE FLOOR, BUT I DON'T SEE ANY OTHERS IN THE STORE. IT MIGHT GIVE US A CLUE.

WE'LL LOOK INTO ALL THE ANGLES, MAC.



AT HEADQUARTERS, THE INSPECTOR AND GAIL FORD, HIS "GIRL FRIDAY", TALK TO THE STOREKEEPER'S WIDOW...

DON'T YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHO KILLED SAM, INSPECTOR? I THINK I'M GOING TO CLOSE THE STORE.

NOT YET, MRS. KARSH, AND DON'T CLOSE THE STORE, I THINK IT'S VERY IMPORTANT TO KEEP IT OPEN.



BUT I'LL BE KILLED TOO! WE GOT A THREAT NOTE.

DON'T WORRY. I'LL HAVE SOMEONE RUN IT FOR YOU.



AFTER THE TERRIFIED WOMAN LEAVES...

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO RUN THAT STORE FOR A FEW DAYS, GAIL?

OH-OH! I COULD SEE THAT COMING, BOSS. OKAY, IF IT WILL HELP YOU.



A NEW "OWNER" TAKES OVER THE STORE...

PIPE THE NEW DAME WHO BOUGHT OUT KARSH'S SHOP. SHE'S SOME LOOKER!

WHAT A PIPPIN!



WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PUNCHBOARDS OLD KARSH USED TO CARRY?

DID HE? WELL, I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING LIKE THAT. NO GAMBLING IN MY STORE.



JUST AS WELL, BABY. THEY WERE CROOKED ANYWAY.



THAT NIGHT, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

I FEEL THAT THE MURDER HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH CROOKED PUNCHBOARDS. SEVERAL CUSTOMERS SPOKE OF THEM.

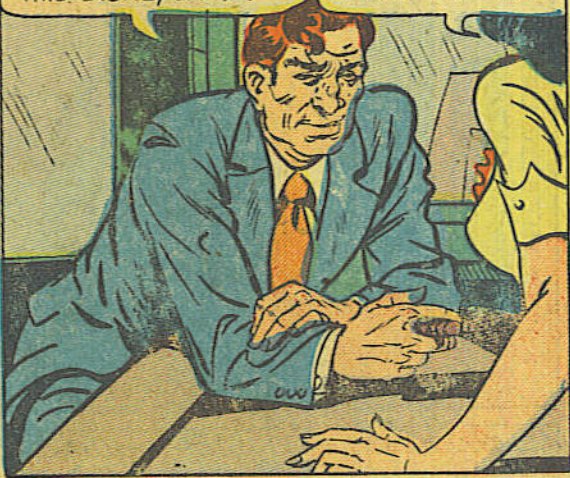
IT COULD EASILY BE, MAC. YOU KEEP HIDDEN IN THE BACK OF THE STORE AND SEE WHAT MIGHT DEVELOP.



SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

GOT ANY PUNCHBOARDS IN THIS STORE, LADY?

NO, I DO NOT APPROVE OF THEM.



LOOK, LADY, YOU SEEM TO BE NEW IN THIS BUSINESS. LISSSEN TO DANNY STARK - THAT'S ME - AND WE'LL BOTH MAKE MONEY.

WELL - MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT.



HERE'S THE ARTICLE - "JOLLY JESTER" PUNCHBOARDS. JUST 25¢ A CHANCE ON A \$5. PRIZE. WE SPLIT 50-50 ON THE TAKE. I'LL BE IN NEXT WEEK AND CHECK UP.

SOUNDS LIKE A PROFITABLE LINE.



WHERE CAN I GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU, MR. STARK?

YOU CAN'T, LADY. YOU JUST WAIT TIL I COME IN NEXT WEEK LIKE I TOLD YOU.



AS SOON AS STARK HAS GONE...

WHAT DO YOU THINK, MAC?

HMM - SAME TYPE PUNCHBOARD AS THE ONE I FOUND NEAR THE MURDERED MAN - CUSTOMERS SAY THEY'RE CROOKED - WE'LL LAY A NET FOR MR. STARK.



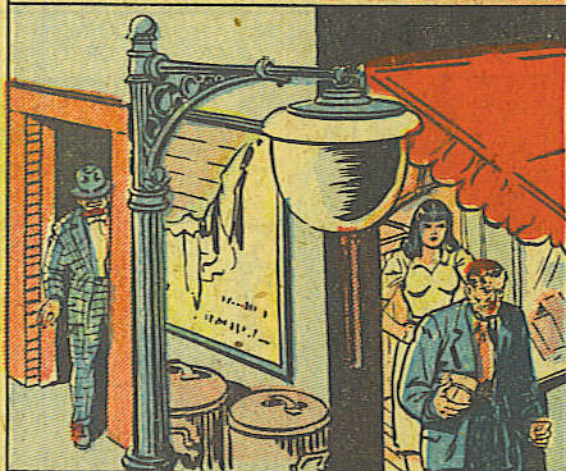
A WEEK LATER, WHEN STARK RETURNS, GAIL ACTS A PART PREVIOUSLY ARRANGED...

TAKE BACK YOUR CROOKED PUNCHBOARDS, MR. STARK! GET OUT OF HERE - AND STAY OUT, OR I'LL CALL THE POLICE!

WHY, YOU - YOU'LL REGRET THIS - !!



[A]S THE ANGRY STARK LEAVES, MAC SLIPS OUT OF THE BACK OF THE STORE ...



...AND TAILS HIM TO A CHEAP HOTEL ...

NOW WE KNOW WHERE HE HANGS HIS HAT.



[M]AC HANGS AROUND UNTIL EVENING, WHEN HE SEES STARK LEAVE THE HOTEL ...

THERE HE GOES... AND IT'S JUST ABOUT TIME FOR GAIL TO CALL IT A DAY --



[I]T IS A DARK, RAINY NIGHT AS GAIL PUTS OUT THE LIGHTS IN THE STORE ...

I WONDER WHAT TOOK MAC SO LONG, HE HASN'T BEEN BACK ALL EVENING. IT'S TEN O'CLOCK, AND I'M HEADING FOR HOME --



[O]UT OF THE MURKY STREET, A RAIN-SOAKED FIGURE SLIPS THROUGH THE DOORWAY INTO THE DARKENED STORE. **[A]**S GAIL TURNS, SHE SIGHS THE LOOMING MENACE ...



OKAY, GAIL, I GOT HIM!

MAC!

UG-G!



SOON, A POLICE DETAIL TAKES OVER ...

THIS GUY IS ONLY WOUNDED. THE BOYS FROM THE PRECINCT WILL HANDLE THINGS. COME ON, GAIL, LET'S HEAD FOR THE SKIDMORE HOTEL -



MAC'S BADGE GAINS THEM QUICK ACCESS TO STARK'S HOTEL ROOM ...

LOOK-A BIG BATCH OF "PRETTY POSY" PUNCHBOARDS, SAME KIND HE MUST HAVE SCARED KARSH INTO TAKING.

AND BOXES OF "JOLLY JESTER" - THE KIND HE SHOWED ME - ALL PROBABLY JUST AS CROOKED. THIS GUY WAS A BUSY OPERATOR.



HERE'S PAPER AND INK, MAC. BET IT WILL LINK HIM UP WITH THE THREAT NOTE THE KARSHES RECEIVED.

I HAVE AN IDEA THIS IS THE GUY WE'RE AFTER.



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, SEVERAL HOURS LATER ...

NO USE QUESTIONING HIM ANY FURTHER, MAC. I'VE SENT HIS FINGERPRINTS TO THE F.B.I. AND I EXPECT A REPORT SOON. AH - THIS COULD BE IT NOW -

TELETYPE MESSAGE FROM WASHINGTON, INSPECTOR.



HMM-HIS REAL NAME IS HENRY DALLETT, AND HE'S WANTED IN THREE STATES FOR EXTORTION AND MURDER. AFTER WE TRY HIM FOR THE KARSH KILLING, WE'LL LET THEM HAVE HIM - IF THERE'S ANYTHING LEFT OF HIM THEN. TAKE HIM AWAY.

THIS BIRD'S BOUND FOR THE HOT SEAT, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.



GUESS WE'LL WIND UP THE CASE, BOSS.

YES, MAC, AND WHILE WE'RE AT IT, I WANT TO THANK GAIL FOR HER INVALUABLE HELP.

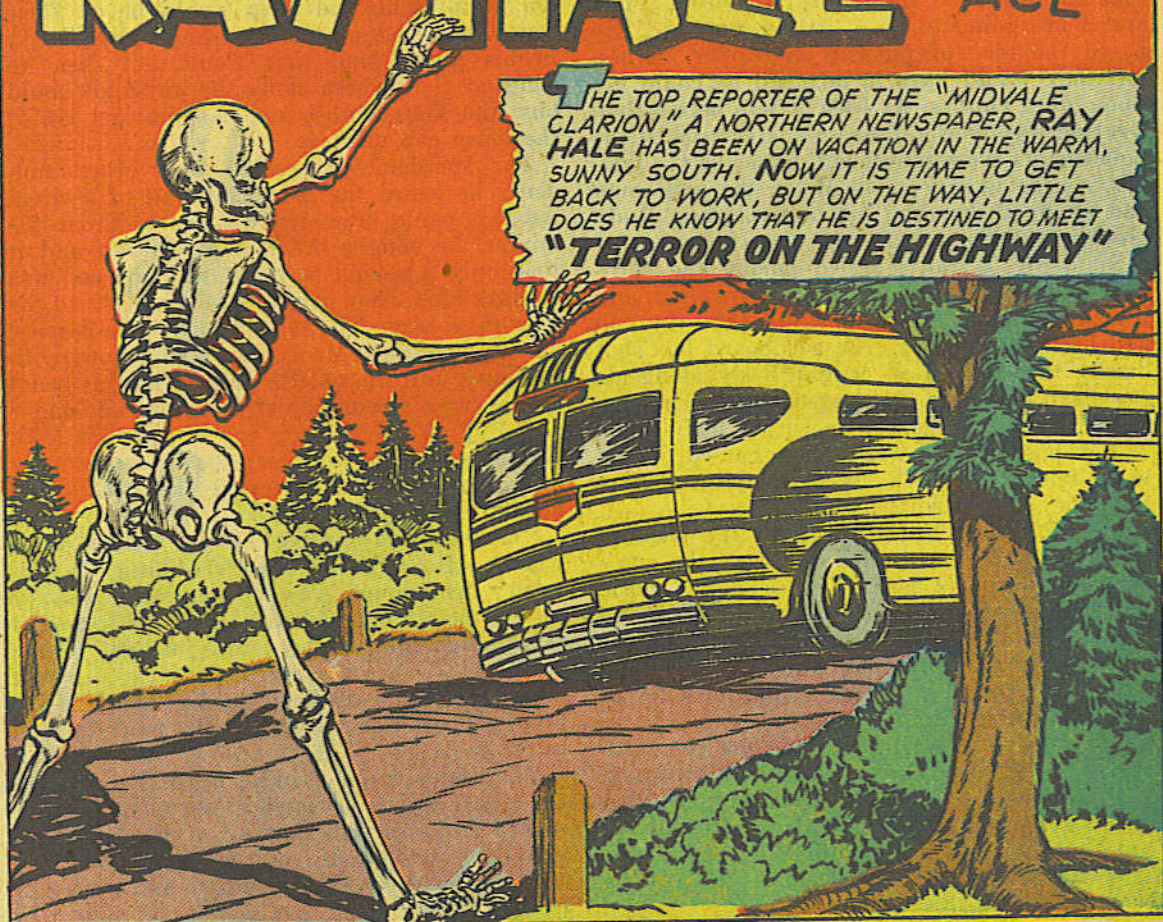
ALWAYS GLAD TO GIVE YOU A HAND, INSPECTOR. NOW, I SUPPOSE I'LL CLOSE UP SHOP.



RAY HALE

NEWS
ACE

THE TOP REPORTER OF THE "MIDVALE CLARION," A NORTHERN NEWSPAPER, RAY HALE HAS BEEN ON VACATION IN THE WARM, SUNNY SOUTH. NOW IT IS TIME TO GET BACK TO WORK, BUT ON THE WAY, LITTLE DOES HE KNOW THAT HE IS DESTINED TO MEET **"TERROR ON THE HIGHWAY"**



HALE BUYS HIS TICKET AT THE BUS TERMINAL ...

ONE FOR THE NEXT NORTH-BOUND BUS THIS EVENING.

YES, SIR. IT LEAVES IN HALF AN HOUR.



DURING HIS SHORT WAIT IN THE STATION, RAY HALE SITS NEXT TO A MAN WITH A PORTABLE RADIO...

THERE HAVE BEEN SEVERAL VIOLENT OUTBREAKS AMONG CONVICTS IN THIS AREA. POLICE HAVE BEEN CALLED UPON TO RESTORE ORDER, BUT THE UNREST SEEMS TO BE SPREADING -



SAME SORT OF THING WE HAD UP NORTH RECENTLY. HOPE IT ALL QUIETS DOWN.

WELL, IT'S KINDA DIFFERENT HERE. IN THIS STATE, MOST PRISONERS WORK ON ROAD GANGS UNDER THE EYES OF THEIR GUARDS.



LATER, THE BUS STREAKS THROUGH THE SOUTHERN NIGHT...

YOU MUST HAVE LOTS OF INTERESTING EXPERIENCES ON BIG INTERSTATE BUSES LIKE THIS.

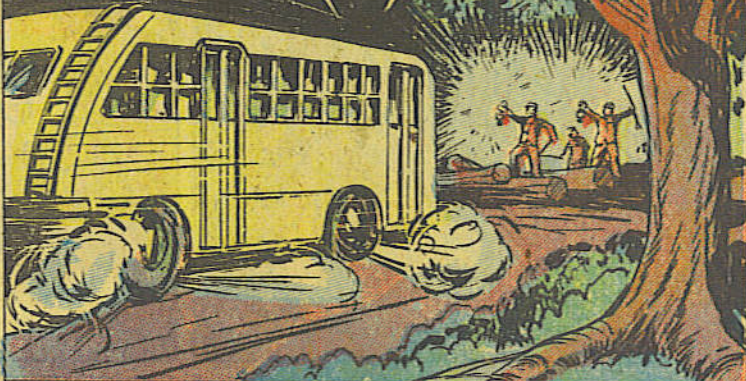
NAW!
NOTHING EVER HAPPENS.



THEN THEY SEE LIGHTS ACROSS THE ROAD AHEAD...

WHAT THE --?!!
GOOD THING I GOT BRAKES.
MUST BE AN ACCIDENT -

PRETTY LONELY
SPOT HERE -



HEY! THEY'RE
CONVICTS! WHAT'S
GOING ON HERE?

WORK FAST, BOYS. BUMP
OFF ANYONE THAT STARTS
ANYTHING!



OUT OF THERE, 80! WE ESCAPED
FROM A CHAIN GANG THIS
AFTERNOON. WE'RE USING
YOUR BUS TO RUN A BLOCKADE
THEY'VE SPREAD UP THE ROAD.

YOU
WON'T
GET AWAY
WITH
THIS!



THEY PULL THE STRUGGLING DRIVER OUTSIDE,
BUT HE STILL PUTS UP A FIGHT. HALE GRABS
A HEAVY WRENCH AND WATCHES HIS CHANCE...

MAYBE I CAN GET THE
JUMP ON THOSE ESCAPED
CONVICTS WHILE THEY'RE
BUSY WITH THE DRIVER -

OH DEAR! WHAT'S
GOING TO HAPPEN
TO ALL OF US?
I'M SCARED!



HERE GOES!

LOOK
OUT!



HALE RIPS INTO THE GANG WITH HIS WRENCH...

WE OUGHT TO
MOIDER DIS GUY!

WHY DON'T YOU BUMS
GET AN ARMY?



IN THE MELEE, THE CONVICT WITH THE RIFLE GETS JITTERY AND THE DRIVER IS SHOT...

HURRY UP! GET
RID OF DESE GUYS.
WE GOTTA GET
GOIN'!

ARGH!



ALONE, RAY HALE IS OVERPOWERED...

KILL
HIM!

NAW! WE'RE IN ENOUGH
TROUBLE ALREADY!



ONE OF THE CONVICTS DONS THE DRIVER'S UNIFORM...

SOON AS I GET DIS
UNIFORM ON, WE'LL
BE ON OUR WAY.

BUT WHAT WILL
WE DO WITH
THIS GUY?

TIE
HIM UP
AND
LEAVE
HIM
HERE.



WE'LL TIE HIM TO
DIS TREE. WE CAN'T
TAKE HIM ON TH'
BUS WITH US!

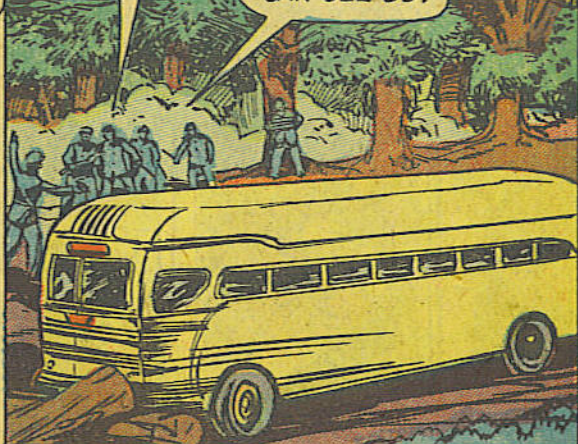
I'LL USE A TRICK I
LEARNED IN THE ARMY.
I'LL KEEP MY MUSCLES
EXPANDED WHILE THEY
TIE ME - HOPE IT WORKS!



THE CONVICTS HURRY INTO THE BUS...

COME ON, MEN -
MAKE IT SNAPPY!

WE'LL HIDE UNDER THE
SEATS WHERE NOBODY
CAN SEE US!

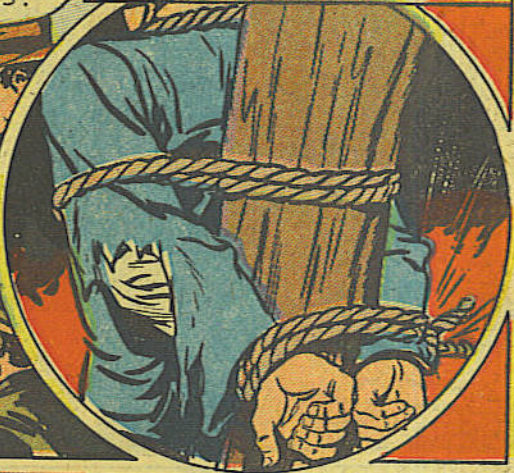


THE ESCAPING FELONS TAKE OVER THE BUS...

ABOUT TEN MILES DOWN, AT THE STATE LINE, IS A STATE POLICE BARRIER STOPPING ALL VEHICLES. ANYONE WHO MAKES A PEEP TO GIVE US AWAY, GETS PLUGGED!

THEY'LL DO IT, TOO! THEY'RE KILLERS!

RAY HALE'S TRICK WORKS! HE RELAXES HIS MUSCLES AND THE ROPES SAG ENOUGH FOR HIM TO SLIP HIS HANDS FREE...



THERE GOES THE BUS. I GOT FREE JUST IN TIME. I HOPE THE DRIVER ISN'T TOO BADLY HURT - I'LL SEND HELP TO HIM AS SOON AS I CAN --

AS THE HUGE BUS LUMBERS OFF, RAY HALE CATCHES UP AND LEAPS ABOARD...

HOPE THEY DON'T FIND OUT THEY'VE GOT A HITCH!

SO FAR, SO GOOD! I'VE GOT TO TIP THE COPS OFF SO THESE CONVICTS CAN BE TAKEN BY SURPRISE - CAPTURED WITHOUT GUNPLAY. CAN'T HAVE ANY OF THE PASSENGERS GETTING SHOT UP --!



MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE HIJACKED VEHICLE...

LOOK LIKE ANY OF THESE JERKS ARE GOING TO GIVE US TROUBLE, MIKE?

NAH!
THEY'RE ALL SCARED STIFF!



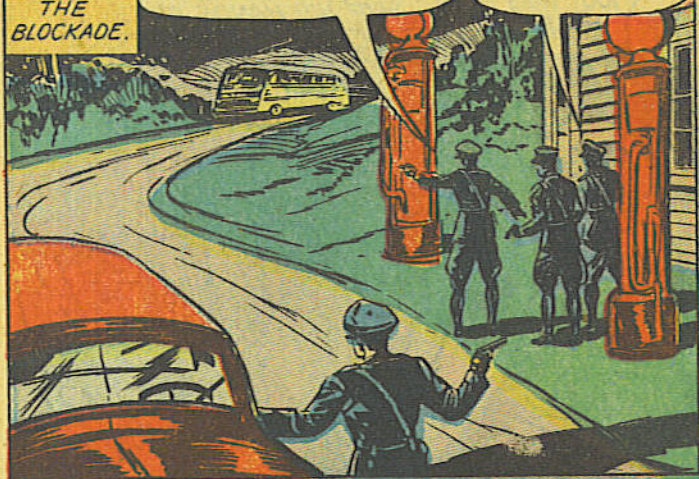
BOY! THIS A REAL SMART GETAWAY! WE'LL SLIP PAST THAT COP BARRIER AND OUT OF THE STATE LIKE NOTHING AT ALL! THEY'LL NEVER THINK OF LOOKING FOR ESCAPED CONS IN AN INTERSTATE BUS!



THE BUS SPEEDS TOWARD THE BLOCKADE.

HERE COMES THE NORTHBOUND "SPEEDHOUND." SHALL WE STOP 'EM?

SURE. WE'LL HAVE A WORD WITH THE DRIVER.



JUST AS THE BUS IS STOPPED...

GOT TO TIP THOSE COPS OFF AND KEEP THEM FROM LETTING THE BUS GO ON-



SORRY TO HOLD YOU UP. SEE ANY SIGNS OF ANY ESCAPED CHAIN GANGERS ON THE WAY, DRIVER?

NOPE! CAN WE GO ON NOW? GOT TO KEEP ON MY SCHEDULE!



IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO DETAIN THE BUS, HALE LEAPS IN AND COLLARS THE DRIVER...

GUNS OUT, OFFICERS! THIS IS ONE OF THE CONS - THE REST ARE HIDING BACK IN THE BUS!

WHY-Y-YOU! WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?

WHAT'S THIS?



THE STATE POLICE SPEEDILY ROUT THE FUGITIVE CONVICTS FROM THEIR HIDING PLACES...

FIVE - INCLUDING THE DRIVER. THAT'S ALL OF THEM.

GET AN AMBULANCE OUT THERE AT ONCE FOR THE REAL DRIVER.

YES - I'LL SEND IN A CALL RIGHT AWAY.



YOU SURE SHOWED PLenty OF NERVE, BUD. WHAT ARE YOU, A PRIVATE DICK, OR SOMETHING?

NO, SERGEANT. JUST A NEWSPAPER MAN WHO SOMETIMES HELPS MAKE NEWS AS WELL AS REPORT IT. NOW I'VE GOT TO GET TO A PHONE AND GIVE MY PAPER THE STORY.

